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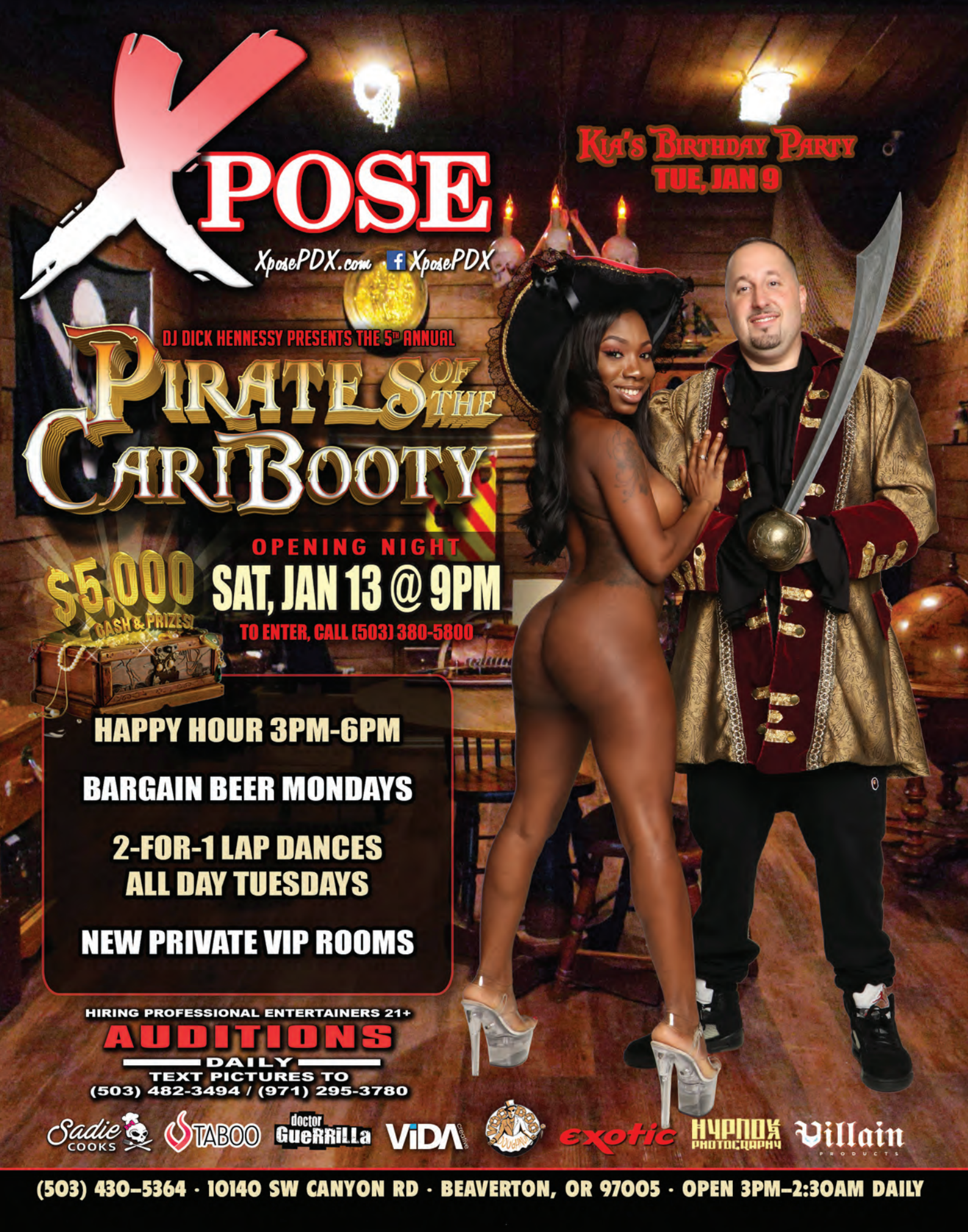


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THE MONTHLY COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

A SAUCY OLD TIME

Man, oh man. This article actually involves personal research—albeit, rather mundane personal research—but, before we get to the list, let me tell you all the number one thing I learned: people take hot sauce VERY FUCKING SERIOUSLY! I've never seen a fight break out in real life over a great many divisive and controversial topics, but when you talk about hot sauce, people are ready to THROW DOWN. I swear, I nearly got into about three fist fights on separate occasions, before cooler heads prevailed.

I did talk to people with recommendations as to what to try (if I hadn't already), and what might be included in my list. I already have a pretty vast experience with hot sauce, as I love to spice up my food. But, I obviously haven't tried everything out there and I tend to avoid the hot-for-the-sake-of-hot kinds, even though they usually have amusing names, like "Dr. Assburn's" and "Bubba's Butt Blaster" (both real sauces, BTW). Anyhow, I have a list of carefully-reviewed, reasonably popular, common hot sauces. I hope it helps, next time you're thinking of picking up some new spice for your life.

Hot stuff, comin' through!

Tabasco	The old standby. It'll do...I guess. I mean, is that all you..? Oh, it is? Ok, then. I guess it's lights off, missionary position...on my eggs.
Crystal, Trappey's, Louisiana Hot	The one-ply TP of hot sauce, used at truck stops in times of dire need. If you have this at home, I bet you also have one-ply TP. It's like a tug-'n'-chug you get from a diabetic hooker for a Laffy Taffy.
Cholula	Similar to Tabasco, but with fuller body, slightly less vinegar and a tiny (but rich) hint of character. Kinda like Ron Jeremy.
Tapatío	Quality baseline. Goes on everything. Also, proves that not everything which originates in California and spreads to other states is pure cancer. It does have a sex harassment suit pending, though.
Sriracha	Before the hip crowd started lording the pronunciation over everyone, this was "cock sauce." You snickered at it, before squirting it on your $2.99 lunch bowl. If something has rice in it, you're safe to cock it up! It's delicious tastebud bukakke!
Frank's Red Hot	Wait, you're not putting this on that slice of pizza are- YOU ARE! The hell?! That's just...I mean...hmm...here, pass that this way.
Valentina	The Emilio Estevez to Cholula's Charlie Sheen. Decent in the same situations, but doesn't have that winning factor...or AIDS.
Texas Pete	It says Texas on it. It has a little cowboy on it. Texas Pete! That's a man who knows spice and flavor... right? No? Just salt and the smell of burnt athletic socks? It's like getting a BJ with a condom on...
El Yucateco	Unpretentious habañero flavor, without going apeshit. The taco pleaser. Does that really need a more overt sex reference?
Búfalo	Ever notice how the places with this stuff out always have at least one bottle of something else...and, that this bottle is usually close to full? There's a reason: it's like humping a bowl of oatmeal.
Sweet Chili Sauce	This doesn't even count. You probably think Miracle Whip is spicy, too. It's like a limp handjob from your high school girlfriend.

I actually reviewed several dozen hot sauces and can publish more, if anyone cares. If not, go to Wombstretcha.com and send me hate mail.

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a writer, hippo-themed board game evaluator, infrequent heartburn sufferer, amateur self-pornographer, sobriety critic and retired rapper from Portland , OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook as Wombstretcha the Magnificent.

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GETTING L.I.T. AT APPLEBEE'S

BY JONAS BARNES

During December, national diarrhea chain—I'm sorry, I mean "restaurant" chain—Applebee's dropped a bomb of a promotion: $1 Long Island Iced Teas, all month long. Now, I'm in recovery and I'm a life-ruining bag of shit when I drink, but at first glance, this is even tempting to me. I see this deal and all those little tingles start happening and I start thinking I'm ready to nose dive off that wagon, drop a ten at the local Applebee's and fuck someone's dad by the end of the night. I ain't even gay, but that's how bad I'd get, if I took the left turn off the old recovery track.

My point, my alcoholic readers, is that it's one hell of a good promotion on the surface. Let me repeat that last part...*on the surface.* This deal speaks to every alcoholic on earth and calls them to the doors of the gastrointestinal hellscape that is Applebee's, saying "It's time to make some bad decisions and fuck us some soccer moms, Todd," while making 100% sure to not draw attention to how fucking terrible the quality of this Long Island Iced Tea must be. I mean, holy tit fucking Guy Fieri in a bikini top, this has to be the shittiest drink imaginable! I've had $14 Long Island Iced Teas that tasted like Diet Coke and well vodka, filtered through some homeless diabetics asshole skin.

So, I can't imagine what a $1 L.I.T. would taste like. But, Applebee's don't care—they don't care at all. Because, this isn't the first time they've pulled a stunt like this. Let's take a walk down memory lane.

Applebee's knows you're a stupid, drunk asshole who hates their job. And, Applebee's don't give a shit about you. That's why, in October, they did the same promotion, but with $1 margaritas. You could *maybe* pull that off with worthless tequila and some knock-off margarita mix and water. Margaritas are a pretty basic drink—no longer consumed by respectable Hispanic alcoholics—usually reserved for basic-ass, yoga-mat-carrying, white, vapid brunch-goers. So, I could see this one at least being worth your trip inside the "2-For-$20 Gut Rot" headquarters, if they gave even a drop of a shit about their customers.

SPOILER ALERT: that shit was 80% water, according to an Applebee's bartender that posted a video of the $1 Shitaritas being made. They got you, heathens—they got you good! You spent $15 on lime juice, water and Jose Cuervo's taint sweat, just to get a buzz. And, the upset stomach you got was from their version of a "sirloin steak," which was probably something purchased from a PetCo. So, you've learned your lesson, right?

Hey boozers: I'm talking to you and your popped fucking collars! You learned that Applebee's don't care about you, right? Nope, you've learned nothing.

You've learned nothing, because this new promotion is so much worse than the October Diarritas. The traditional ingredients in a Long Island Iced Tea are: vodka, tequila, light rum, triple sec, gin and a splash of cola. Ask yourself, how can you possibly make that for $1, without it being an absolute liquid abortion? The easy answer, is that you can't. But, that's not gonna stop them from shoving the promo down your throat, is it? Nope, not at all, because Applebee's went full steam ahead, with what can only be considered a shameless and dangerous promotion targeting boozers all over the country (in states that actually allow this alcoholocaust to exist), for the entire month.

Portland is a den of sin and I love every goddamn inch of its sinful soul. I've blacked out many nights, in many strip clubs, after many drinks. I had a local cocaine dealer that waved at me as I left the bar, like we were old pals from high school. I've had some of my best and worst alcoholic times in your pleasure troves. I love you and you get no judgment from me. You know what I never fell for, even though I was the poster child for the guy that would fall for it? The cheap-ass lap dance deals that suckered in unsuspecting tourist trash (fuck 'em, they deserved it). These never happened at classy establishments, so no worries. If you're reading this magazine, you're not barking down the $5 lap dance hole. But, yeah, I may have appeared to be an alcoholic, obese un-fuckable at the time (I'm much better now, thank you very much), but even *I* didn't fall for that. I was an alcoholic, life-destroying sauce monster...not an idiot.

I'm writing this as a PSA to my sin-loving, drunk angels of debauchery in the city of bridges that I miss oh so much: please don't fall for these traps—don't do it! Take those dollars, roll over to Kit Kat and give them to the wonderful sin dolls on stage, putting the work in. Get your ass a REAL Long Island Iced Tea and toss a couple $2 bills at the inked-up devil beauties at Casa Diablo. Don't spend it at fucking Applebee's, you idiots. They don't care about you and they're dishonest. If they were honest, they'd change their slogan to what it really is: "Applebee's: We're Shitting Blood In The Neighborhood ™."*

**[ED: This beats "Fuck It, Let's Go To Applebee's ™ "]*

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BY STONED COLD SATIVA AWESOME

HOW TO RUN A WEED DISPENSARY

With roughly 1,895,381 dispensaries located in Portland and the surrounding areas, it can be tough to separate the good, the dank and the bammer. Here are some tips for running the type of dispensary that I'd feel comfortable patronizing (and I buy top-shelf shit).

Good Product Doesn't Require A Sales Pitch

While touring the various dispensaries scattered throughout the Salem area, I noticed a trend: if a budtender gives you a long, drawn-out sales pitch (especially when dealing with top-shelf strains), chances are, you're gonna end up with a plastic container of hay. For one, good weed doesn't need a pitch. While at The Holistic Choice in Salem, I noticed a sizable selection of strains. Upon asking the clerk if he had any recommendations, the dude simply turned around, grabbed a jar, opened it up and held it under my nose—homeboy didn't say a word. My response was immediate.

"How much for medical?" I asked.

"Twelve," dude replied. "But for medical it's ten."

Bam. I was sold.

Compare this to Dispensary Shall Remain Nameless Resources, located in Corvallis. All of their strains appeared to be the same off-brown color as the good chair that grandpa always asks to use, but sure enough, the budtender was quick with the sales draw.

"Hey, are you looking for a hybrid? Sativa? Something for anxiety? Pain? Energy? You'll want to check out these three. The first one comes from Such And Such Farms and this has been flying off the shelf."

I didn't ask, but thanks. I was then shown a small sample of odorless, dense B-nugs.

"Not what you're looking for? Here, take a look at something very similar, but with a different name."

This process continued, until I was eventually pitched the only strain in the house that looked like it wasn't grown on accident. The price tag? Twenty-four bucks a *gram*. With the medical discount.

Budtenders Should Be Experts On More Than Flower

The problem with the sales pitch people, is that they're not knowledgeable in their own products. The problem with the folks at the honest dispensaries, is that they're not gonna bullshit you. For these reasons, medibles are the equivalent of female orgasms, in terms of finding out exactly how they work. If you don't believe me, ask any budtender (shifty or otherwise) about the Gummy Bear Dabs or Choc-O-Lit Ice Cream. Instead of a Steven King book's worth of hyperbole and back story regarding the strain's origin and supposed THC percentage (this is also spotty, as there is very little consistency between the top nugs that growers drop off at the testing plants and the rest of the batch) that you get with flower pitches, if you ask a budtender how much of the chocolate bar it takes to get high, they respond with, "Umm, just eat some and if you're not high a half hour later, eat more." Again, this is exactly how the female orgasm works—and, this is also why I prefer dispensaries that employ at least a handful of lesbians. I know it's not P.C. to point this out, but butch women make the best dispensary owners and employees. I have no idea why, but hell...I also don't know why Dixie Chicks sound so good when I'm high, either.

Location Is Everything

Green Cross, another Salem-area chain, is either extremely lucky or in-the-know when it comes to real estate. Their south location shares a building with a burger shack—arguably one of the best in town. For the Libertarian folk, a gun store is located no less than fifty feet across the parking lot. Taking care of groceries? A WinCo, Goodwill and bank are on the other side of the street. The north location is nestled between a porn store and a head shop, with a KFC across the street. Now, compare this to, say, the dispensaries that are located on hard-to-access roads, next to cop shops or crammed in between a coffee cart and a pawn shop, on a highway-speed road with two parking spaces (one of which is reserved for the handicapped). I don't care if it's commerce—I'm still buying weed. Make it relaxing and realize your customers aren't usually in a hurry to get anywhere else. And, if they are...

It's A Dispensary, Not A Starbucks Or A Trap House

The one thing that I, as a purchaser of legal weed, cannot stand, is the "Umm...uhh...let's see..." that the lady with the "service dog" in the Grateful Dead shirt and last week's overalls keeps repeating for minutes on end, before telling the dude at the register that she'll be back next time, because she forgot cash. "Oh, you have an ATM? Hold on then," Matilda The Hippie will say, before digging through her purse and trying every card she can. Meanwhile, the line of working, professional stoners gets longer and longer. If you find yourself working at the weed store and this happens, try the following tactic: tell Matilda that you will take care of her in a second, but you're gonna check in with the fifty people waiting behind her, first.

On a similar tip, try not to run your dispensary like it's the weed spot on the corner. It's one thing for over-hyped sales pitches and corporate-style customer service, but it's a whole different scenario to walk in and see a few guys burnt out of their skulls, playing Xbox and talking about strippers. Yes, this is exactly what you're gonna encounter if you come visit me at my apartment—but, I'm not trying to front as a dispensary. If and when I were to, umm... hypothetically sell weed, it's from a brown paper bag, for cash, with an exchange done over a pizza and a discussion about which clubs are still hiring minors. Anyone who has a state-sanctioned license to slang herb better get their shit together. Yes, it's acceptable to play Tech N9ne for your customers, but it's unacceptable to show up high on molly, with a hand full of your mixtapes, ready for another day of Playstation and freestyle battles.

What are your experiences with dispensaries? What could you do with or without, moving forward into this fantastic world of legal weed? Shoot us a comment on our Facebook page (Facebook.com/XoticMag) when this article pops up.

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Radio Ads - Beat Creation - Sound Design - Mixing - Composition

eroticcity



BY RAY MCMILLIN

It's 2018. Can cars fly? Nah. Is cancer still a thing? Yup. Is there life on Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaars? Sadly, no. Also, David Bowie died two years ago, as of January 10th. Holy shit, time flies when you're busy shitposting dank memes and trading lap dances for Bitcoin. Oh, about that...

Bitcoin Bubble Butt

Aside from a few early adopters and select in-the-know clubs (Kit Kat and Dante's, to name a couple...they have been taking Bitcoin for ages and got in when it was smart), Bitcoin hasn't exactly permeated the adult industry...yet. Even though there are clubs that have issued their own cryptocurrencies, such as Legends Room in Las Vegas, the concept of digital money hasn't (and, as I will argue, will not) catch mainstream adoption anytime soon. You can't make it rain from the blockchain and you can't fold up an Ether token on a tip rail.

Still, everyone and their mamma has been buying Bitcoin. This time last year, it was trading for around a grand. By the time this issue hits the stands, it will be trading from anywhere between $10,000 and $20,000 (unless it crashes or gets another Tether pump, but that's a topic for a different publication). Hell, it could even go as high as a million—but, let me back everyone up from boarding the high-speed hype train before it heads off the tracks; we have seen this before, with the dot com bubble, Beanie Babies, tulip bulps and dubstep. You're not investing in Bitcoin—you're gambling.

I bought some a bit ago. I may buy more, next time I'm drunk and on the internet. But, I also know that it's no different than hitting the craps table (and I've been sober for a bit). Here's the problem with taking your stripper income and turning it into digital currency: when you want to cash out, you won't be able to. The exchanges that let you sell Bitcoin tend to come to a screeching halt when the price action increases or decreases sharply. Bank accounts all over the country are flagging cryptocurrency deposits. The price to send Bitcoin from one exchange to another has gone from pennies, to a few dozen dollars. There is more insider trading in the Bitcoin and cryptocurrency community than there is shit talking in the dressing room, while the new girl is on stage.

Normally, I reserve this column for things that deal with the adult industry. Well, in an all-cash industry where everyone is trying to make a quick buck and bail, I'm assuming at least *some* of you own Bitcoin. Sell at least half. Trust me. I'm not a "financial adviser," but the fact that your investment is being covered in an adult magazine should tell you something—this is a bubble.

Hopefully, we will move forward to a cashless society, thus allowing the bankers and IRS to double-team us from both sides, while every bit of our personal lives and financial history is recorded to an immutable ledger, for all to see. Until then, enjoy those wads of ones. Stash your twenties. Hoard your hundreds. Buy gold jewelry from any dancer who sells it. Read this month's Tales From The DJ Booth...the world is collapsing and strippers are the most resourceful, independent people alive. Don't fall for internet pyramid schemes.

Also, thank you to whoever bought my Ethereum at $800.



R.I.P. August Ames, Victim Of Alt-Left Bullying

On December 5th, 2017, 23-year-old adult film star August Ames took her own life, after being severely bullied via Twitter, by self-proclaimed "social justice warriors" (I emphasize "self-proclaimed," as I'm as much of a fan of Rosa Parks as I am an enemy of Lena Dunham). The short version of the story, is that August learned that a male actor (who she was slated to do a scene with) had previously done male-male shoots and not disclosed them completely. Taking to Twitter, August warned other female porn actors that said male had done male-male scenes and that she had backed out of the offer with him due to increased risk of HIV. Within milliseconds, hundreds (if not, thousands) of Tweets went out, attacking August for being "homophobic" (and all the other phobias, as well...transphobic, racist, a Trump apologist, etc.). Several told the pornstar to kill herself. So, after suffering from depression for years, she did.

A girl in her early twenties was bullied to death by the so-called compassionate. How did the local press respond? Well, one paper, whose work I actually respect, ran a very well-written story by a local comedian, who took to the topic with a very self-aware slant and even brought up the obvious (that being the ethical conundrum of enjoying the work of a dead person). Yet, when sharing the story via their Facebook page, it included the additional commentary, "Welcome to Trump's America."

Stop. This has *nothing* to do with Trump's America. Had August been called racial slurs, been accused of siding with terrorists, had her birth certificate questioned or anything like that, sure—we can blame the alt-right. But, no. Hard fucking no. This was the neo-left, bullying a pretty girl to death. End of story. There is nothing tolerant about this new breed of hate-filled, self-proclaimed "progressives." You can't champion equality, of the sexes, while calling all men rapists. You can't champion racial harmony while pricing out black neighborhoods with feminist bookstores. You can't support a woman's right to do what she wants with her own body, by going on Twitter and telling her to kill herself for being a homophobe. Have any of you people read *1984*?

As far as "homophobia" goes, clearly, those

attacking August on Twitter have never set foot inside a gay bar. You're more likely to find a stack of pamphlets regarding HIV testing in a restroom stall, than you are toilet paper. The risk of HIV that is associated with male-male sex has little to do with social constructs—the gay male community is at very high risk of HIV due to the mere physics involved with anal sex, combined with limited access to HIV testing and a lack of knowledge regarding the disease. Take any other STI and you will find biological factors related to biological sex. Trans women still need prostate checks. Lesbian women should get screened for HPV. This isn't "alt-right" transphobia or Trump-sponsored homophobia: it's fucking science.

If you bully a woman to death because of who she chooses not to sleep with, you're not a progressive. You're not a feminist. You're not a social justice advocate. Rather, you belong in the "people who should have taken their own life, instead of telling a young woman to take hers" category.

And, to the "not all leftists" (hi, I'm one) people, how about policing our own? If a white rapper drops an N-bomb, the venue gets boycotted. But, if a girl gets bullied to death for what she doesn't want to do with her own vagina, we frame the issue as being a function of "Trump's America."

Hopefully, the glass housing bubble pops before Bitcoin does.

January Is Poppin' Off

Clubs all over Portland are celebrating the new year with style, even though the holidays are over. Take a look at our spotlight of events below and make sure to keep an eye on Xmag.com for all the up-to-date info on our Facebook page. There are new clubs opening up all the time, including Reveal Lounge (same location as the former Boom Boom Room) opening their doors soon. Established clubs are upping their game (it appears Dream On is bringing in a whole new roster of dancers) and formerly "new" spots are cementing their reputation as staples (Casa Diablo is celebrating its 10-Year Anniversary on Thursday, February 1st). January may not be the warmest month in Oregon, but it's definitely a perfect time to renew your interest in the Portland strip club scene. Forget dieting or sobriety—stick to a resolution that you can handle.

eroticcity spotlight

TUE 9 – XPOSE
KIA'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

SAT 13 – XPOSE
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 1

WED 17 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 2

FRI 19 – DEVILS POINT
70S THEME PARTY W/ HEMLOCK & PIXIE

FRI 19 – SCARLET LOUNGE
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 3

SAT 20 – KIT KAT CLUB
"GOLDEN GLOBES"

SAT 20 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 4

THU 25 – CLUB SINROCK
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY FINALS

FRI 26 – TOMMY'S TOO
WORLD-FAMOUS DAISY DUKE CONTEST

SAT 27 – SLYVIA'S PLAYHOUSE
BETTY'S GOING AWAY PARTY



MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2018

BY RAY MCMILLIN

Annie

How did it feel to win the *Miss Exotic Oregon* finals?

I was shocked! I was like, "Holy crap!!!" Everyone was just so happy, because they knew how hard I worked for this—I've been training for years.

Your Pink Panther set was choreographed as fuck.

That actually took a month to rehearse. I didn't know if I was gonna make it to the finals or not, so when (my dance partner and I) trained for the first rounds, we started training for all of them. That first show was amazing. For this last one, the Pink Panther one, we trained for like, a month to get the parts just right. At work, at the studio...I trained for a month.

How long did it take to get it down and not fuck it up?

Well, in case you didn't notice, my shoe broke at the finals (*laughs*). But, during the practice, I'd over-think the routine, then try again and approach it with a more relaxed, natural feel. Eventually, we got it down.

Tell us about your final qualifier set.

The one where I was coming out of a painting, with just a ski mask? Paint gets everywhere, which is very interesting. Both my sets have been painted...holy crap, that was a lot of paint.

Would you recommend other dancers try the paint approach, or not?

Well, the first set was Tempera paint and the second one was body paint. It takes a while to get off, especially when you're fully covered. So, if you try paint, have someone there to help you, with coconut oil and Dawn dish soap.

Did you say Dawn dish soap?

Dawn dish soap. Just to get the paint off, it helps.

Coconut oil gets brought up a lot when interviewing strippers, but I have yet to hear someone mention Dawn dish soap in this context.

I also work in a haunted house, with lots of fake blood, paint and all that. So, Dawn dish soap has become my go-to for getting that shit off.

Have you thought about contacting the people at Dawn dish soap for a sponsorship?

Ha ha, not yet. Dawn dish soap cuts a lot of shit out, it works wonders. If you know any girls that want to do a feature show with paint, have them use Dawn!

That ends the dish soap section of the interview. So, you've been dancing for years, do you work at any local clubs?

I'm currently working at Shimmer's and King's. I like the working class bars. I like that environment, because it feels more comfortable—like, you know everybody and it's more relaxed. I've worked at a lot of clubs and at the smaller bars, I always make the most money. It's my personality; I like to talk a lot and I will talk to a customer for hours on end.

What were some of the challenging aspects of the *Miss Exotic* competition?

Nerves. A lot of nerves.

You didn't look nervous on stage. Do you have a pre-show ritual or routine? Alcohol? Meditation?

I had, like, two beers, three hours before my show. That's it. But, I was so nervous that I kept turning around and trying to catch my breath.

What was your impression of the other contestants?

I thought all the other girls were amazing. I love watching all the talent and I love how much dedication they put into their shows. It's inspiring, honestly, to watch them.

So, you represented Laboosh Studios for the competition. Do you work at traditional strip clubs, as well?

I worked at Nicolai for the longest time. Then, they closed down and Shimmers has been my home club since. I also work at King's.

What's up with Laboosh Studios?

It's actually my friend's showgirls studio—Cece Laboosh, she trains showgirls. Laboosh trains everyone, from feature entertainers, to showgirls, to people who do feature nights...like at Kit Kat...burlesque, lots of local exotic dancers. From poi, to erotica, to pole tricks...Cece's been in this industry for over 25 years.

What about yourself? How long have you been in the industry?

I've been dancing for five-and-a-half years. I'm a mom (I have two kids). I work my ass off. I really love dancing, it's one of my passions. And, I really like putting on a show for people. It's really fun.





How does it feel to be on the cover of *Exotic*, for all to see?

I've worked really hard for this. I've wanted to be on the cover of *Exotic*, since after my first competition. That was at Pallas, back when it was open. It was an in-house competition for the cover and I got second. I thought, someday I really want on this.

So, you're like Eminem in *8 Mile*—you made a comeback and took the trophy. When does your rap album come out?

I don't do rap, I suck at singing, too. I can't rap or sing (*laughs*).

Neither can Eminem, have you heard his new album? So, when can folks see you, and where?

I haven't (*laughs*). Shimmers is my main club, which is where you can see me Sunday through Tuesday. I'm at King's most other days of the week.



What about seeing you at Laboosh?

It's actually a private studio, open only to local exotic entertainers. But, (Laboosh) is amazing at what she does. I think she's actually trained another *Exotic* covergirl. Anyone in the industry can check it out.

Where can people find you on social media?

I actually have a Facebook and Instagram (Facebook.com/MrsAnnie420 and Instagram.com/MrsAnnie420). There are various other places you can find me online, as well.

Thanks Annie, it's been a pleasure and I'm sure our readers look forward to seeing more of you.


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LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE
BY JAIME DUNKLE

A Hate Letter To Creeps

Dear Creeps,

Let's clear the acrid air. I'm tired of keeping this mess buried. Time to take out the trash.

No, it's not what I wanted, when you clinched my neck in your fat fingers—squeezing just enough to make me cough. I never wanted you to shove your sloppy tongue down my throat. It didn't turn me on—it made me sick. It destroyed my platonic feelings for you. It made me lose all respect for you. It made me believe all the horrible things people said behind your back—that you groom women and strippers to make them depend on you, that you're a pimp, that you're a liar. I never needed to know the real you...the power-crazed lonely, empty husk...the psychic vampire on an eternal quest for attention... an aging sack of sausage shit...an insecure balding man with the cash flow to fix it. You can't pay to fix your broken psyche, your depraved libido or your ineptitude for humanity. You can't bankroll your way out of your unquenchable, desperate need for validation and desire. The truth is, no one actually desires you, just your wallet. For the record, I rescind my naive forgiveness. I'll never forgive you for violating my safety. For taking advantage of your status. For disappointing me and being everything I convinced others you were not.

And, to the Coke-bottle-glasses-wearing freak who shouldn't be anywhere near Disney or Nickelodeon, who shouldn't have anything to do with hefty Hollywood charities for children—fuck you. How's this for thinking for myself, Mr. Motherfucker? You're the reason I'll never let anyone walk behind me up the stairs when I'm in a dress. What kind of grown man tries to take a young woman into the men's bathroom, because "we're holding hands, so it's okay," implying I am a child? Oh...the same guy who paid off the mother-daughter team he fucked for years, who in turn fucked him right back with a $100,000 deal for a decade—but, I guess that's what happens when you're a rockstar who sleeps with a 12-year-old and her mom. No biggie. I'll never forget your famous words, "I'm about to adopt a six-month-old Chinese baby. Aren't I a pervert?" Yes, you're more perverted than Woody Allen and grosser than Gary Glitter. I hope you get caught, the next time you try to get your bandmate's girlfriend to make out with you, when your wife and kids are on the way to the studio. Until then, I'm sure all the hipsters across the world will continue to laud your edgy art and brilliant movie soundtracks. Meanwhile, I'll be here, waiting for your ship to burn down with the truth of your hideous actions. Because, yes, you are a pervert. The worst kind. The kind that hides in Hollywood and works with kids.

And, to the weak asshole who date raped me when I was passed out at his house, did you feel powerful when I couldn't move my arms and legs, because you knew me well enough that had you not got me that wasted—probably drugging me, since I was completely immobile—I would've peeled your entire face off and wore it like a mask, *a la* Ed Gein? Which was better? Fucking me when we were temporary lovers? Or, raping me in my intoxicated blackout? Did you need me to be motionless to feel more dominant? What you did to me scarred me for life. You called me crying and said you were sorry a thousand times. But, a sorry person doesn't stalk someone online or go to a benefit show to intimidate the person they're sorry for raping. A sorry person wouldn't come around anymore. A sorry person wouldn't make me run the other direction every time I see him—he'd leave out of courtesy without any prompting. A sorry person doesn't deny the same accusations he already apologized for with deep regret and sorrow. Take your sorry and shove it up your dubstep ass.

For the finale, I shout out to my coworker who still has his job, even though I reported him for physically assaulting me (because, due process means we're gonna do this long ass process until you either go crazy, quit or pacify yourself into forgetting all about it). Good work on cajoling me into—at first—believing maybe you were right, maybe it was my fault you

grabbed your crotch in front of me inside a parked car, when no one else was around. You almost had me convinced it was my fault you were turned on, which you so unabashedly told me, because, after incessant prodding, I told you the magazine I write for is an adult magazine—and, that I'll never tell you which one (I love you, *Exotic*). Somehow, me saying that meant I wanted to arouse you. You must have some serious cognitive issues to arrive at that erroneous conclusion. What was even more disturbing, was when you told me I was younger than your daughter, directly after proclaiming your unwarranted arousal, in a work setting, when you were training me. I didn't report you at first, because I was too scared I'd get fired. I was new and you had been there for years. I regret not saying something sooner, but I'm not stupid enough to blame myself. I reported you, when your inappropriate remarks escalated to physical assault. No one was around. No one was in the entire building. You pressed hard on the back of my neck when I sat at the computer, as if trying to force me to the ground. Last time I checked, I did not work as an MMA fighter for the UFC, bro. People tell me not to be a hater, but I hate your broom-mustache face. I want to sweep it out of existence.

I'll go ahead and give horrible mentions to the basement dweller who will never admit to strangling me, because I refused to kiss him. You chased after me, after I threw your leather jacket on your doorstep in the freezing cold night and told me, "Is it wrong for me to be in love with you?" I wish I had said, "If you think strangling me when I won't kiss you is your best option, then yes, it is totally wrong, dude." And, to the several adult dudes who fucked me when I was underage, thanks for teaching me that interests aren't enough to have intimacy and that age is definitely more than just a number—invaluable.

I want to believe life has a way of biting you all in the ass, be-



cause you've all been a perpetual pain in mine. Until then, I'll just wait with a bag of popcorn, praying for your eternal demise.

With utter disgust and the most vile abhorrence,

Jaime.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.



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DANCIN' BARE 11 FOOD LOTTERY
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Daily 11:30am-2:30am

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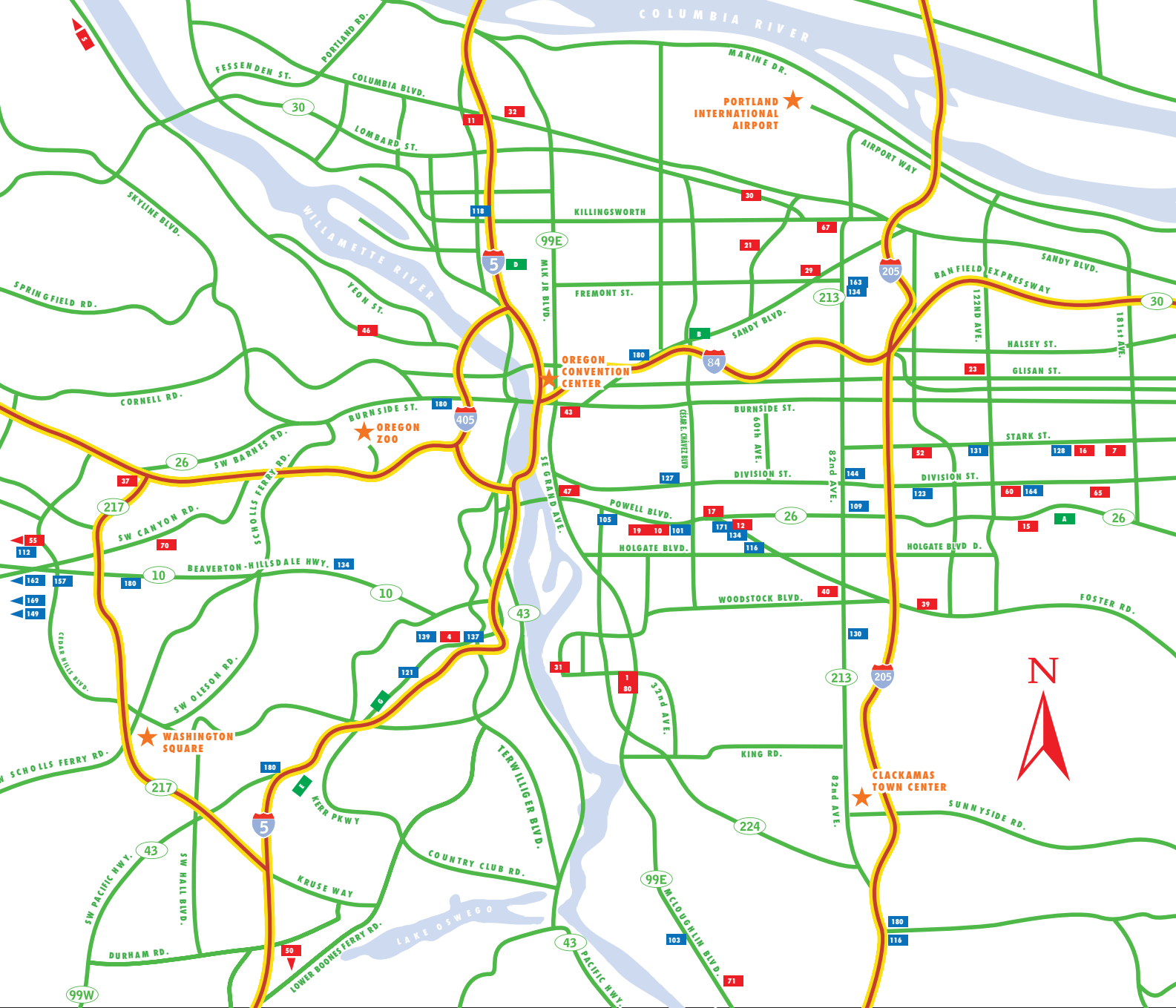
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SLUTSCAPADES

By Dr. Helen Shepard

Slut (noun) — a person who likes sex for its own sake and doesn't give a fuck what you think about it.

Slut it up (verb) — to share the pleasure of your body with whomever you please.

FIVE OR FEWER MEN

Eight years ago, I made a New Year's resolution: five or fewer men in 2010. I was 24 at the time, even hotter than I am now (which, I feel for transparency sake, I should say is still relatively hot, but way, way grumpier) and at a point in my life that was completely whimsical. The sluttiness of 2008 and 2009 had brought me sex on the beach with a man I'd just met, who became my abusive partner of eight months and the kind of heartache that only comes from falling in love while on drugs at a music festival or falling in love while three miles high on a Himalayan backpacking expedition; my heart flew permanently, obnoxiously outside of my body.

Not all the slutty experiences were bad. On a first date, I received cunnilingus while I played Guitar Hero. I once received cunnilingus for an hour, on the floor, next to a fire, in a three-sided snow shelter. I mastered the art of the sexual proposition, when I approached a guy in my shirt and panties after a night of drinking and said simply, "Hey, do you want to have sex?" The bad part of that story, is the guy was the on-again-off-again boyfriend of my only friend at the time. Sex had become so easy and trivial, that it seemed to be getting problematic.

So, I vowed to hook up and/or fall in love with five or fewer men that year. I didn't casually fuck anybody's boyfriend that year, and since condoms and showers are remarkable at keeping sexually transmitted infections at bay, that was never really my concern. But, fucking four men and one woman that year didn't really keep the heartache away.

The first man of 2010 was a repeat from the year before—Festival Hottie. Was it the romance or the drugs that kept me hearing music, seeing fireworks and feeling like light was exploding out of my heart? When I hooked up with him again, we weren't on anything (weed doesn't count!) and I still felt a lot of the same feelings—unfortunately, that included the obsessive heartbreak when he didn't want me. I sobbed in the car with my best-friend-slash-occasional-lover and my resolve strengthened.

I did a good job of keeping things casual with my next lover—the next that I remember, anyway. But, it's unfortunate that a real, other person would get involved with me at a time that I had a resolution to be less emotionally involved. He loved me and I never truly loved him back—not even when he went down on me at the back of an Avett Bros. concert, fully visible to anybody who cared to look, though far enough away from other people that at least nobody said anything. Okay, maybe I loved him a little for that—he and I had several of my best-sex-ever moments—but, I never loved him the way he wanted me to.

In the midst of not loving my second partner, I met a third, who never minded that I didn't love him. We met at a bar and fucked almost daily for a few weeks, then fell out of touch naturally. Casual sex success!

My fourth lover was my best friend, giving my second lover a happy-birthday-threeway. Years later, she would break my heart in the devastating way that best friends do—somebody you've shown your everything to and still had them love and accept you, only to suddenly stop caring about you because they found another lover. *That* kind of heartache. But, it wasn't 2010, so for the purposes of this story, it's all good.

The fifth and final lover I truly loved, and it did break my heart. It was a classic moment of, "I don't want a relationship," "Great! Me neither...oh wait, yes I do, I want a relationship with YOU!" It happens so often, but it's never fair. You get involved with somebody, telling them you want one thing and then *hormones* take over your rational mind and you find you don't really know what you want anymore. After we broke up, I still had many months left of 2010 and didn't know what to do. Should I break my resolution to cleanse my palette of the heartbreak or had enough been enough?

I technically succeeded at my 2010 resolution, but it didn't decrease my dissatisfaction with romance or myself. I made a new resolution: plenty of men in 2011. I changed my overall sexual attitude, from one of hesitancy (like I was giving something up with every man I loved or fucked), to an attitude of abundance. I decided that I had so much energy stored up, that I could be free to give it to whomever, whenever I pleased. This wasn't much different from the way I had lived previously, but with the key difference that in 2011, I would strive to have both fewer reservations and ultimately less heartache, due to fewer attachments. I'm happy to say, that this resolution also worked.

Although I didn't have sex with many more men in 2011 than I did in 2010, my heart was never broken. Sex and love were no longer things to fear giving away—they were just things that came and went, like a tide.

If you're sick of making and breaking the same cliché New Year's resolutions, consider changing your philosophy on sex and love. It doesn't have to be purely about numbers. Consider "embrace the peen in 2018!" or "explore the spaces in between in 2018." While it may be tempting to make a resolution of reservation, I found that the real growth came from attempting to keep nothing back. In the end, I found my reserves were actually greater when I treated them like they were endless than when I tried to conserve my open heart.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Clinical Sexologist in Eugene and can be reached at EugeneSexology@Gmail.com



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WORKIN' FOR THE MAN

VENUES VS. LOCAL BANDS

BY BLAZER SPARROW

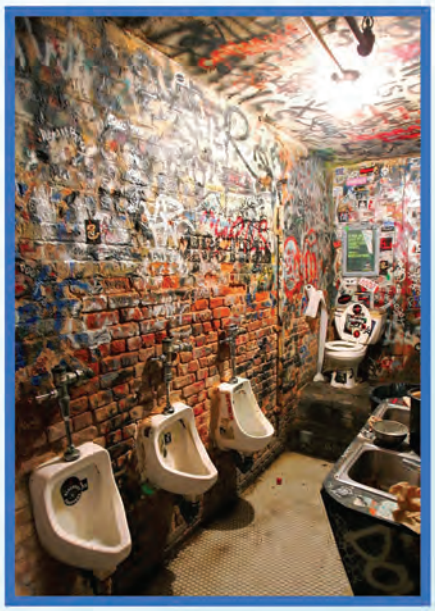
For the longest time, I thought Portland needed a CBGB. As it turns out, Portland has several possible CBGBs. After doing a little research, I realized that what Portland really needs is a Hilly Kristal. Not that Talking Heads, Blondie, Television, The Ramones and Patti Smith weren't talented, but I honestly think none of us would know who they are today, if it weren't for Kristal. A good music scene doesn't just require talented bands and an enthusiastic audience that doesn't scoff at a three-dollar cover—it requires venue owners who actually give a damn and take risks on new, unknown acts.

Portland is a great city if you're a music fan. There are shows every day—multiple shows, every day. It's even better if you're a music venue, because you never have to seek out entertainment. They'll bust down your email door for you. They'll even play for free, for god-knows-what reason. However, after five years here, I'm realizing it's not a good city if you're a musical artist. There are too many of us. This city is saturated. Granted, our stock is low. But, it doesn't mean that we have to be treated like garbage—this isn't fucking L.A. There's not enough money, people or actual opportunities for Portland to have the same vibe.

I get that venues have to make money and I also get that musical acts—especially rock bands—can be insufferable, entitled pricks. But, someone has to break the cycle and Portland could use a venue that actually gives newer acts the benefit of the doubt. Yes, it's a saturated scene, but by not returning emails, demanding a band have a 50-person draw, asking the band to find four other bands that sound the same (isn't that your job?) and only paying the bands in drink tickets, you, the venue, are just perpetuating the cycle of resentment that is keeping our city from being anything but a stop on the way to Seattle.

I'm not a business owner and I will admit to not knowing the financial intricacies of running a venue. But, I do know that businesses have these things called expenses. There's no reason that entertainment shouldn't be treated as an expense, just like liquor, staff and the fancy, new sign. Sure, you (the venue) will argue that you already invested in the P.A. system, have to hire a sound guy and pay out the ass for the black-and-white posters from Kinkos, so why pay four snot-nosed punks for playing a shitty set, on top of all the money you've already spent?

Well, it doesn't matter if the punks are good or not, they are your entertainment for the night. You are hiring them. If they suck, simply don't hire them again. It's simple. Asking an artist to bring their own crowd to a venue is asking the artist to do your job...it's your venue—you should be promoting the fucking shows. If you want to be a hip Portland music hub, then you got to make that happen. I'm talking about bars here, not the Cyrstal Ballroom or The Roseland. You're not booking The Decemberists. You are booking local acts, who do not have a following yet. I'm tired of being told that the artist has to cultivate a following. All an artist has to be is good. A vibrant scene takes effort from all sides. The audience needs to pay the paltry cover, dance (that's a topic for another column) and buy drinks. The artist needs to be practiced, show up on time and perform well. They don't also need to promote the show, get the word out, bring everyone there and sometimes literally build the bill themselves—that's the venue's job. I've literally read emails asking me to find three other bands that sound like mine (if we want to get booked). If the artist finds several acts for the show, promotes it and brings the crowd, then what exactly did the venue do to contribute? And, don't say they "provided the space." That's the equivalent of a participation trophy. That devalues the work of the artist.



And, once again, I cannot apologize enough for the entitled, untalented assholes that make the rest of us look bad. I've heard the sentiment of, "Why should I pay $200 for some kids to go to the strip club?" and "If a band has a following, they'll bring in a crowd and they'll make money." This doesn't make any sense. If the band has a following and a guaranteed crowd that you're banking on to make money for your venue, you better pay that band up front. Also, you're not Crystal Ballroom—you are a fucking bar. You're paying those kids $200 to value the work they've done. Instruments are expensive. Practice spaces are expensive. If it's an out-of-town band, you should give them $200 for gas alone. Vans get shit mileage.

Before you say I'm asking for a participation trophy, I'm not. I'm asking for participation, from you—the venue. Again, you're not paying for a popular band to bring in a lot of people to your bar to buy drinks and spread the word about how cool your spot is; you're paying for entertainment for the evening. Whether or not the house is packed is of no consequence to the value of the entertainer's work.

I get that paying $200 (this amount is totally arbitrary, by the way) every night, for a possibly successful night, isn't exactly cost-effective. So, if we're all in this together and no one wants to spend more then they have to, then at least put the time and effort in. Do your part. We'll do ours. And, when we don't, don't have us back. If artists and venues both did their parts, then Portland could possibly have a vibrant, healthy, nurturing music scene. It can't just be all on the artist to make this happen.

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TOP 5 AWFUL THINGS 2017 DID TO HUMANKIND

BY BRAD COX



Well, here we are, at the end of another year. After living through recent history, I have reached a point where it seems nothing can surprise me (although, I'm often wrong). Such is the case, with this past year. I'd like to take this time to congratulate our species on not destroying ourselves. It was a real squeaker for a while, though. So, without further delay (considering you may not live to finish reading this), I give you the last *Top 5* of 2017!

1) Holy Fucking Weather, Batman

It has been a wall-to-wall fucking Michael Bay movie this year. Fucking hurricanes, floods, earthquakes...it's almost as though we've been mistreating the Earth. Or, maybe, it's all the weather modification they're definitely not doing? I don't really know what's causing it, since climate change is clearly imaginary, right? I'm glad we can agree on that. So, until we can sacrifice enough goats to please the gods, I shall continue praying to my toaster in hopes it transforms into a multi-dimensional robot to save us all.

2) It's Now OK To Kill People You Disagree With

Remember when we used to say "be tolerant" or, "if you can't say something nice, don't say anything" or things like that? Well, 2017 taught us we were all just a bunch of soft-ass, candy corn babies. The new, American ideal, is to viciously attack people who even slightly disagree with you. I know we got a taste of that, in years previous to this one, but this year dropped the mic on us. Hitting people with cars was the new thing to do. All over the world, terrorists were attacking groups of people by driving torpedoes—I mean, cars—into them. But, nowhere in the world was it done with more style than here in the good ol' USofA—we even got that shit on WorldStar-style YouTube clips. Protesters blocking the road on your way to work? Go ahead and run over them. Your ex-girlfriend's simple cousin with a fishhook on his hat says it's legal (and he said he was a law-yer).

3) I Did Nazi That Coming

Speaking of hitting people with cars, you know who has been doing that a lot here in America? Nazis, that's who! 2016 may have reminded us that race was an issue, but 2017 showed us that they are coagulating into clubs again, much like ol' whitey from the segregation era, they have political power. I have actually witnessed a red-blooded American get shot down, for calling out Nazis with the argument of "freedom of speech."



DO YOU WANT GENOCIDE?! Because, that's how you get genocide. It seems odd to me, that we would need to have this conversation, considering Marvel Studios is pimping Captain America at every local WalMart in Hillbillyville. Remember that guy? He was literally created to make the concept of killing Nazis fun for kids.

4) EVERYTHING IS ON FIRE

Every year, we have a wildfire season here on the west coast. But, this year's was truly horrifying. It was unlike anything I have ever seen, in my thirty-five years of life. California is still on fire, in case you hadn't heard about that lately. This, if you think about it, is a great example of our desensitization as a culture. We just stop paying attention, even though people in Puerto Rico still don't have food, water or electricity. And, California is still on fire. The fires were dangerously close to me, here in southern Oregon, and even if I had been in Portland, they would have still been too close for comfort. At least, here in Oregon, no one will notice the lack of forests, until it stops raining next Nevervember.

5) Trumpocalypse Now!

You knew I was going to go there, right? As a matter of fact, while I was thinking of awful things that happened this year (to put on this list), I kept realizing that most of them could all be attributed to one man. I'm not totally convinced that we can't blame the weather (or, the fires) on him, either. There's just so much fuckery afoot, that it's hard to pin down. I don't know what people expected when they voted for him. I see rich businessmen as young adults of very wealthy parents and the American government is their mommy and daddy. They don't know where the money comes from, but they know Daddy is the best source (he does just seem to print money, after all). And, let's just be honest with ourselves, if old, rich, white dudes were to be imagined as riding a schoolbus, Donald Trump would be on the short version… alone. This is our President and he is banging the toy bongos of war...nuclear war. So, this is my goodbye to 2017—may it fuck right off a fucking cliff.

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Stripped IN PORNLAND

FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY

By Jaime Dunkle

MR. MISANTHROPY

Mr. Misanthropy checked IDs at the door. He rested one foot on the bottom peg of the stool he leaned on, with a crooked posture. He clicked on a flashlight to examine the state-issued plastic in his hand. Light from the flashlight twinkled on his shined shoes. He pursed his lips and studied the face of the dude trying to get in. He handed the customer his ID back and gestured him to go through.

Mr. Misanthropy's pressed, button-up black shirt and black slacks were just as smooth as his pale face and obsidian hair. He sat, perched at the inside of the front door—the only door—of the strip club. He hardly spoke—just judged IDs and the sea of faces, as they rolled into the venue.

He offered no greeting. No smile. No small talk. Just a hand held out in cold silence. If the fool at the door didn't know the routine, Mr. Misanthropy merely raised an eyebrow with his empty hand waiting.

The rush ended. Mr. Misanthropy angled his stool toward the club and the back stage, as I approached. I climbed onto the plexiglass tabletop, stepped over its lit railing and gave the backs of heads a long sigh.

Mr. Misanthropy must have heard me, because I glanced over and saw him smirk—a rare sight, but less rare when we were in each other's company.

Tiredness hit me and my swollen feet harder than most nights, and since no one was paying attention to the back stage, I only did enough movement to not get me in trouble with the bartender or bouncer. I slowly shifted postures, in a mock dance, because it was the law for us to keep moving, always, no matter what.

I had never seen this law in writing, but I had been warned to obey it, repeatedly, at every club I had ever worked...or else. I figured it was really another way for them to control us, ensuring that their marionettes were in action and ready for whenever any guy walked into the club...a non-stop erotic cabaret, a constant illusion of seduction. I could gripe about such grievances with Mr. Misanthropy and he'd always chime right in, instead of telling me to suck it up.

Since it was slow in the back of the club, which was oddly at the front door, I took the opportunity to share complaints with the perpetually disgruntled doorman, instead of dance for free.

"It's a stupid rule," he said. "You don't even get a wage, I mean, you have to pay to be here. You should get to do what you want."



"Seriously. This wouldn't even be a strip club, if it weren't for the strippers."

A guy about 20 years older than us sat at my rack. I rolled my eyes and begrudgingly got up.

"Excuse me, I have to go shake my ass for a single dollar."

Mr. Misanthropy laughed—not to heckle me, but because he agreed it sucked to be interrupted in the middle of our bitchfest, for probably only $1.

The song ended and the guy left. I pranced over to Mr. Misanthropy, topless. I rested on my belly and kicked my feet in sync to the beat, to pretend I was dancing, while we shared our mutual discontent.

"The dancer before you asked me why I wasn't watching her."

"Sounds like she has a crush."

"Whatever. Doesn't she know I live here? I'm desensitized to naked women."

"Seems obvious to me, although you're the only employee who hasn't ever hit on me."

"I'm here to make money, not to get laid."

"Go figure. Same here."

"We're surrounded by idiots," he said.

I let him vent. I thought it was funny, but I also knew what no one else in the club knew—he was dying and he didn't know how much longer he had left to live. He wasn't even sure of what was wrong with him—he just knew his days were limited. The doctors told him it could be anywhere from six months to six years. I could see the terror of death's approach nestled deep in his eyes when we spoke, but I didn't let him see I could see it. I knew how much time he spent in his silent scorn on that lonesome stool, checking faces to names and dates to visible ages, glaring with vacant eyes, leaning with one foot to shift the pain in his spine.

"At least we're not idiots," I said.

We laughed. The song ended. I covered my breasts with my top and descended the stage. He moved his stool back toward the front door and stared into nothingness.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. For more info, go to JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.

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TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH

BY DJ HAZMATT

WHY STRIPPERS WILL SURVIVE THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE

It's coming...very, very soon. The end is near. No, I'm not talking about Bitcoin (we still have a few more months of dumb money to fuel the bubble). Rather, I mean the ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE. Okay, I know it's old hat at this point, but so are concepts like "resources" and "retirement." My generation knows how we're going out. Why do you think I dress as Negan every year for Halloween? But, aside from baseball-bat-wielding madmen, there is one group that will likely outlast all others, should the "Thriller" video become a real thing—strippers. Here's why...

Strippers Are MacGyver-Level Experts At Life Hacks

Broken nail? Hair in a knot? High heels uneven? Cool. Get Sapphire some duct tape, a toothpick and some gauze—she'll have you fixed up in no time. Let me ask you customers something: in all your years of enjoying up-close-and-personal interactions with totally naked women at strip clubs, have you *ever* seen a tampon string, a pimple or a booger? Don't get it twisted—strippers aren't perfect, they're just good at improvising. Trim the string, foundation the pimple and keep that coke nail on point. Bam.

If anyone can make a weapon out of a box of cigarettes, some gum and an empty can of Four Loko, it's a stripper. Forget medical coverage during the zombie apocalypse—all you need is the right dancer, some Xanax and a cup of rubbing alcohol. How does she do it? I don't fucking know. But, does it matter? Making a compass out of a coke straw isn't something they teach in Boy Scouts. Just accept that strippers got this, yo. Trust Cinnabonita, when she tells you that the car isn't dead—just in need of some Borax and whipped cream.

Strippers Can Operate In Limited And/Or Unconventional Clothing

Aside from stray dogs and crackheads, no one will be able to weather the weather in a cold-ass, broken-heater, no-power-grid-having world (unless they trained by living in Detroit, MI, in which case they are already familiar with the things I mentioned at the beginning of the sentence). Yet, I've seen strippers finish an entire dab cartridge, outside, in the freezing weather, wearing nothing but Fedora Joe's coat and some thong sandals. While office workers are busy bitching about how air conditioning is a function of the patriarchy, dancers walk half naked, up Burnside, in January—just for fun. In fact, I'm convinced that 98% of pizza sales that occur during Portland's winter months are due to Kit Kat and Union Jacks dancers crossing frozen pavement, stepping over bumsicles and managing to do it all in heels, just for a slice of pepperoni.



Do you honestly think that the Carhartt-dependent yuppies and their free-spirit Burning Man tents will survive a single day of the apocalypse? Fuck no. In fact, the first place to go is L.A. Then Florida. I'm fine with this. But, if you want to survive the cold, damp reality of *Last Of Us: IRL Edition*, you need to be ready to do so while wearing the skins of dead animals. Now, the first option is to start shopping at K-Mart and get used to the fabric they sell—this will prepare you for sub-zero temperatures. But, most people don't have access to a K-Mart. In fact, most K-Marts will be raided within the first few hours of Trump telling the world he's sorry and that ZombieCorp Warner AOL Bath Salt DrugTech shouldn't have been appointed to run the new healthcare plan. Therefore, your best bet is to start dressing like a stripper today. Make your own clothes. Let them get damaged over time. Then, continue to wear them., while ice skating...drunk. Do this enough and you will be dancer-ready for any climate.

Strippers Know Where To Hide

After-hours clubs. Basement bars. The room where the owner keeps the safe. None of these locations are marked on the map, regardless of whether or not you're playing *Zombie Survivor* or *Zelda: Lap Dance Of Time*. However, if the regular world is a GameStop pre-order, strippers already have the DLC. The taco shop that stays open late, that pizza place on Division, record stores that still sell hash pipes...every one of these locations can be unlocked by a popular-enough dancer. I mean, these chicks spend all shift listening to dudes who want to appear as if they are "in the know," and although a lot of this is bullshit, I've never been to an after-hours club without first asking directions from a half-naked woman—most strippers possess an au-

tism-level database of information, from talking to intoxicated hipster informants, day in and day out.

So, once the zombie apocalypse poses a threat, call a stripper. Ask her where to stay, how to get there and what the password is. Chances are, this place will have cheap vodka, a pool table and a dog named "Butters" roaming around. Tip the bouncer, just in case the zombies show up. The average Joe Shithead off the street will be busy roaming around an abandoned shopping mall, while you enjoy booze from a red cup in the company of half-naked women.

Strippers Can Re-Populate A Barren Planet Quickly

There is a misconception about industry people (not just dancers—I'm talking DJs, bouncers, bartenders and anyone else who surrounds themselves with sex all day), in that folks think strippers are, by nature, whorish or slutty. Now, there is *nothing wrong* with being whorish or slutty. However, I've dated several co-workers and, trust me, the last thing a stripper wants to do, after eight hours of bullshitting with regulars, is attempt a candle-lit, romantic interlude over a glass of wine, next to the fire.

The reality is, we (industry folk, dancers included) often treat sex like a quick workout—something that needs to be done, but requires no fluff, showmanship or otherwise sex-industry-associated sentiment. If you want to be seduced, date a librarian. If you want to get yourself and your partner off in a matter of minutes, while watching *Shameless* and organizing your cell phone contacts, date a dancer or a DJ. It's not that we don't like sex—we're just in the same class of, say, cooks who get off work and go directly to Taco Bell or bartenders who drink Pabst at home.

Hence, if you need to get a lot of fuckin' done, quickly and efficiently, you're not gonna wanna roam the wastelands with hopeless romantics and prudes. Plus, strippers are attractive, so the future generation will be a beautiful, homogenous mix of races, hair colors and tattoos. Every woman will end up looking like a punk rock Tyra Banks. Fuck yes.

Strippers Can Always Find Drugs

Okay, this one may be generalizing a bit—I'm just keeping it real. Not *all* (or, even most) dancers do drugs. I have to type that, in order to keep my job. So, with that out of the way, your average dancer could be in Utah, in the middle of February, attending a Mormon convention and still find good weed. If there's one Mormon who grows Bubba Kush in his attic, Destinee Precious can track that dude down.

So, it only makes sense that if you want to get lit during a zombie apocalypse, you're gonna want to keep ties with your stripper friends. Which dispensary has yet to be raided? Where are the good outdoor growsites? Why did my daughter try to eat my flesh? Questions like these will help you keep you focused and relaxed, while roaming the land for scraps. Hell, the scraps might even taste good, if you're high enough.

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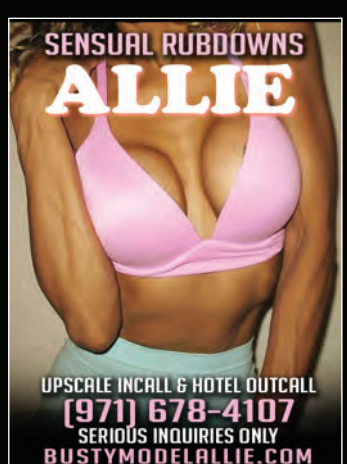
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Wintertime Color Palettes

by Anna Suarez

Red. The marinara sauce bubbling and boiling in the round pot, leaving splatters of my devotion across the stove. Lucienne Boyer's "Parlez Moi D'Amour" makes love to the steam rising from the sauce. The redness spreads across the plate I make for you, when you come home from work. I watch the sauce leave its impressions in the blush across your cheeks—a pleasure from the fullness. We feel the warmth of domesticity when your fingers lift up your shirt I'm wearing, to find the red lace panties. I create little red treasures in our home, so you always find your way back to me.

Brown. The crushed leaves left on the floors, after visitors come and go, then swept away by the rough bristles of the broom. In bed, we have the rosy brown of the aureole, wrapped in kisses—the candied vessel shielding the soul. The brown shades of hair tangling together, like roots of all the maple trees under the earth's soil. And, the brown skin fading into a winter olive...a Caribbean girl longing for the sun.

Rose. The rush of blood across the cheekbones, once we step into the winter's cold and when I come with you. The wet labia and the pulsation of hope, that Eros will outlive God. The fingers, so rosy with the coming dawn, tracing circles around all of the bodies' corridors underneath the comforter—winter's romantic interior. Everything would turn rose under the comforter in the soft light. There is nothing I need to see in these moments—just feel eternality in the fingertips. I taste the sweet impressions of reverence that exist between permanence and impermanence.

Lilac. On the mornings when it doesn't rain and the air is brisk, the sky blends pale pinks into a mass of lilac, with the birds flying against it. On the way to work, wearing the gloves you put in my bag, I imagine the warmth of you still sleeping. I imagine you pleasuring yourself when you wake up. I imagine all the lilacs you'll leave on my butt, when I get home from work. You punish me, because you miss me so much.

Gold. The golden flames breaking through midnight, across the faces of sinners, which I find to be old friends, old lovers, memories of colors and touches. The priest utters "let there be light," with his fingers returning us to Him. Immersed in the priest's holiness and the decadence of the Catholic Church, I prayed that my knees would never grow too weak for me to kneel. I would pray my soul would never be too weak to surrender. Then you ask why I wish to remain on my knees. I whisper in your ear, "*that is because I love you.*"

Black. The dark lace peaking through my crêpe dress at our anniversary dinner. Glamorous women sit all around us, with their lovers in their finest blacks. I watch your eyes move to my thigh, revealing the slip of the garter belt. I watch the men around me envision what is underneath their holy lady of worship's dress. I watch them pour pinot noir—so red, almost black. They pour them the most expensive wine and whisper devotions, just to go home and see the black lace, to take their time slipping it off their bodies... days later, a friend's black mascara brings little droplets across her face as she laments a failed return call. We wear black to mourn the death of passion, in a culture sick with aloofness. In a week, we wear all red and have hope again.

Ivory. Visions of the Christmas I drove through the sprawl with an ex lover—the twinkling of the lights on the houses and the opalescence of the moon all shining in their temporality, then fading into the gray shades at airport security. We knew the bright promises would turn gray, after the dreary waving hands, the tears looking into the gray skies from the cabin window. *To be so young and convinced families would leave their Christmas lights up all year. That spring would never come. That birds never truly know a home.*

Blue. The color of the sky right after sunset. Winter told me to keep fighting for you and that you will be home soon. In between gray, I found bright blues, lighting up the cold bedroom with hope. There was a church choir lamenting past the blue skies into the heavens, "*come home, come to the light*" and I persisted, waiting for the blue shades of your shirts, the blue tones in how you say "I love you," the blue bruises left on my thighs from your hands and the hope I'll stand up facing the blue sky, with your cum pouring from me. Your blue bike you never stop building. That is the only home I could know.


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Typical Slut

by Julia Laxer

The Le

It was a rainy Wednesday evening in November and Clinton Street Theatre felt electric. The anticipatory crowd was composed of press and sex workers—a tough, yet tender audience.

We gathered to witness a premiere private screening of Blacktop Film's documentary, *Thank You For Supporting The Arts*, a film about the life of Portland icon, Viva Las Vegas.

Viva Las Vegas is a two-decade veteran of stilettos and stages, as well as a breast cancer survivor, celebrated writer, actor, single mom and musician. She is a prolific, intelligent and talented artist. Viva is famous in Portland for her well-loved columns, "The Gospel According To Viva Las Vegas" and "I Love Las Vegas," which appeared in *Exotic* between 1998 and 2005.

In addition to writing these columns, Viva was behind-the-scenes, as well. From 1998-2005, she served as the music editor for *Exotic* and was the main editor from 2002-2005. In 2009, she published a memoir, *Magic Gardens: The Memoirs Of Viva Las Vegas* and, in 2010, her selected columns were compiled in *The Gospel According to Viva Las Vegas: Best Of The Exotic Years*. In addition, her writing has been published in *New York Times*, *Portland Mercury*, *Portland Monthly* and *The Village Voice*.

Viva Las Vegas is a Portland muse—she inspired film director Gus Van Sant and countless artists. She performed in rock and punk bands. She sings country and chamber music. Her whole life has been dedicated to art—the ethics, the dance and the sensuality of her body.

While there are countless strippers in Portland with personality, skill and grace in their art, Viva is one of the most celebrated personas. Vulnerability and strength are integral to her charm, and her intelligence and insistence on a personal connection is her highest virtue.

Quite the artist, Viva has always maintained that stripping is an art—that women's bodies are beautiful and that the act of removing one's clothes on a dimly lit stage can be a tale of metamorphosis. Ideas like this may seem normalized in 2017, but, when Viva Las Vegas debuted on Portland's stages in 1996, this was was a revelatory stance.

In 1996, stripping and other forms of sex work were just becoming an "acceptable" thing for a feminist to engage in, as sexually-repressive and anti-porn second-wave ideals began to give way to sex-empowered, third-wave feminist ethics. Viva Las Vegas' journey, as examined in the film, *Thank You For Supporting The Arts*, has a sense of urgency that is universally relatable—yet, her story is all her own.

In many ways—like most sex workers—Viva is an unlikely stripper.

gacy Of Viva Las Vegas

Conventionally attractive, college-educated and the only daughter of a preacher man's daughter, Viva has a great deal of privilege. She could have had the white-picket fence and nuclear family but, instead, is a badass single mom, with a city full of admirers. Being emotionally available has its costs, though, and the film explores the toll of emotional labor that sex work carries.

Maintaining romantic relationships is a challenge for many strippers, as the stage is our heart and we proudly wear our nudity like a love poem. Through the use of interviews, the film explores Viva's interpersonal relationships, as well as her journey towards finding the stage as the ultimate platform for her art-making.

Viva discovered the thrill of the red-lit stage first at the infamous (and, now-closed) Magic Gardens and, later, at Mary's Club (still open!). In those smudged mirrors and in the dilated eyes of her unlikely consort, her body on stage became a place of worship—veneration. Her audience desired her and, in turn, she gave them back what they needed: attention, love, devotion...true glamour.

And, gathered at the screening, the devotion of the crowd was palatable. Though it was rainy and wet outside, the theatre was cast in glamour. Watching the audience buy popcorn and take their seats was breathtaking—never before have I seen so many gorgeous women wearing furry coats in a movie theatre. Strippers know how to make an entrance, on the stage or the street. This was femme glamour, Northwest-style. The dancers came out, layers and all—heels and coiffed hair, fake eyelashes...glitter for the goddess.

On the celluloid screen, Viva Las Vegas' legacy came to life before our eyes. At many points throughout the film, the audience broke social norms and cheered aloud. Gasps and laughter—the crowd was moved.

Tears streamed down cheeks during segments of the film. Viva is open about being a breast cancer survivor, yet the audience was still held captive during the emotionally vulnerable narrative of Viva's terrifying battle with the illness. The portion of the film that addressed her recovery was especially poignant and Viva's resiliency felt tangible. Audible sighs and muffled cries tangled in the frentic energy of the theatre.

Every stripper understands the importance of physical health. A stripper's body is her income. Cancer left Viva's left breast forever altered—cancer could have ended her stripping career—except Viva did not allow it.

Not only did Viva survive, but she danced again. It is a joyous moment in *Thank You For Supporting The Arts* when it is revealed that Viva ascends back onstage to dance after her recovery.

And, she still dances…for you.

More happens in the film, but spoils are for the predictable. In *Thank You For Supporting The Arts*, there are more real-life plot twists than what's overheard in the gossip of a cramped strip club dressing room. The drama is real; emotions are tangible, especially in a recurring scene where Viva wears a fabulous shaggy fur coat and boyish cap. She is alone as she drives a battered and loved car through the streets of the city. Her solitude is all-knowing.

And, in this scene, I see all the dancers of Portland. We move our bodies onstage, we dish out the smiles (or the sneers) for those deserving validation...but?

At the end of the day, we are just us. Bodies. Beautiful bodies—all shades, shapes and sizes. Often decked-out in furry coats. Almost always in heels (or sneakers). Sometimes, we are in sweatpants. But, no matter the disguise, we *are* artists—clothed or unclothed.

And, part of being an artist is isolation. Having something to give does not come easy. Creating is a harsh task. Viva Las Vegas has made a career of sharing her heart and sharing her art.

Thank You For Supporting The Arts captures the strain and challenge of the inner-struggle of what is like to be alone and yet belong to everybody.

While there are many dancers in this city, Viva Las Vegas has given her body over to the decadence of the stage. There are countless shows at galleries in the Pearl and rotating exhibits at the Portland Art Museum that will expand your mind. Yet, they are not alive and real in the same way that she is. Body moving, muscles toned. Aware of her shape-shifting. Musically-alert. Stoic and a spokesperson for our city's nude history.

Experience the legend yourself…Viva Las Vegas performs at Mary's Club in downtown Portland on Thursdays from 4:30pm-9pm and on Fridays from 11:30am-4:30pm.

There is not much of "Old Portland" left in this city, but in the rose-tinted lights of Mary's Club, Viva Las Vegas, Portland's most famous nude artist-philosopher still comes alive onstage. Pay your respect. Tip the dancers. And, as Viva famously says after each stage-set, "Thank you for supporting the arts."

To stay up-to-date for official theatrical release information for *Thank You For Supporting The Arts,* visit ThankYouForSupportingTheArts.com

Julia Laxer lives for the stories. Follow her on Instagram at @Julia.Laxer, read more of her work at JuliaLaxer.com and $how your affection and appreciation at PayPal.Me/ChurchOfDenim.

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SURFIN' THE WEB WITH RAY

Hello, all! It turns out that deadline is a bitch and she's been fucking all the guys in the office. So, thanks to last-minute requests...umm, I mean...love of journalism, I have started a new column. Each month, I will be reviewing the very best of the internet. If you don't know, aside from being a place where you can falsely accuse strangers of the latest phobia or engage in a witch hunt on social media, the "World Wide Web" is full of gems and wonders. I risk my browser history so you don't have to! What's in store for January? Milk! Peep deets...



BatheInMyMilk.com

Although it sounds like a column one of our authors would write, Bathe In My Milk is a pretty straightforward website—it's a photo collection of various men bathing in a tub full of milk, while being watched by a woman (she is assumed to be the owner of said milk). "Milk Maid," as I've nicknamed her, does not appear to smile—ever. Most of the men in her tub appear to be unhappy, but they also appear free to leave at any time. The photos on the website remind me of what you'd get if *Harold & Maude* was directed by Rob Zombie.



Research on the site shows that this page is supposedly real, as in, it is affiliated with an actual sign that was posted up around Seattle. While there is no contact info listed at BatheInMyMilk.com, the domain name was purchased by someone with a Washington area code. Could this be the Northwest's most well-kept secret, in terms of gentlemen's clubs?



Obvious questions arise. What's with the rope under the claw foot tub and why is the bathroom so dirty? How much does this lady charge? Who the hell is taking these photos? Is milk really that good for your skin or is this just the latest health fad, to be replaced by another Atkins diet or gluten-whatever in a few years?



This may be the future and we just don't know it yet. Bitcoin, out. Milk, in. Who else is doing this kind of thing? Sure, one of our resident photographers, Hypnox, is well-known for a picture of a woman in a bathtub full of Cheetos. His photo, having been circulated on the internet for over a decade, is quite popular—but Doug has never once gone to the extent of posting up "Bathe In My Cheetos" signs all over Portland. Sorry, Hypnox, but your monopoly on the tubs-filled-with-shit erotica market may have some new competition.

The internet is the future. But, the lady in these photos appears to be pushing at least 75—she knows something. Trust your elders. They have the wisdom you don't. And, bathe in their milk.

If anyone reading this knows where this tub is located, how to apply for a milk bath and who the woman behind it is, please email me (RayRaysPhone@Gmail.com) and let me know if skim or whole works best for an aging body.

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